

Ivan Burns Coupon Gas

The gas-station-johnnies who think a business intersection is inefficiently organized unless it has a competing service station on each of its four corners have long been the target of jibes by citizens and civic planners.

Until recently, much of the criticism about the ugly conglomerations that passed for business locations was deserved. The new trend toward architectural compatibility with the neighborhood and with the employment of something besides corrugated metal or sheet iron in the construction deserve acknowledgement.

We have more than the new trend in construction to be grateful for in our service stations, however. It could work like it does in Russia.

The American Petroleum Institute publication, Oil Facts, reports that Russian motorists have to fill out a questionnaire, go to a government office to buy a coupon booklet, then go to a government owned station and trade the coupons for gasoline.

He's not greeted like those American motorists we see on television. In the first place, Oil Facts says, the station is generally hard to find, even in large cities. When he finds it, the motorist probably will have to wait in line, maybe for a long time.

Then he handles the hose himself and hands over the coupons to the attendant whose task it is to set the pump dials each time.

If he wants a repair, or a spot of anti-freeze, he must go elsewhere.

Motorists in the United States may choose from among 214,500 privately owned stations. And as any traveler knows, the number is increasing daily.

A station on every corner may be overdoing it a little, but it certainly beats anything Ivan has available for his motoring needs.

You Can Be a Politician

A politician, according to the dictionary, is someone who is versed or experienced in the science of government. In less elegant terms, he is someone who understands and takes an interest in the affairs of his city, state and country.

And, when his interest becomes active, when he works at it, he becomes "the most important politician in the world" because he then is party to making the final decisions in our political life.

Who, today, are these politicians?

Actually, they come from all walks of life. In fact, during the past five years more than half a million people have taken political action courses and have prepared themselves for responsible party work. Today, precinct committeemen, members of their block and precinct organizations, and candidates' campaign staffs are increasingly made up of professional people, of labor leaders, and young business executives, of anyone whose primary interest is good government.

The very people who are active in political party work are the same people who support and work for school issues, or their local community drives.

They are volunteers who have no personal axe to grind. They are motivated by two things:

- They want to make their voice heard in government, and in formulating the policies and platforms of their party.

- They want to have a part in persuading good, qualified men to run for office, and then in working to elect these men.

This is the image of today's politician. And there is a place in his party for everyone who wants to take part.

Political organizations are made up of people—nothing else—just interested people.

If you have an interest in the political affairs of this country, then you are already a politician. The question is: How good a politician are you? Are you willing to sit on the sidelines and let others run the show? Or are you determined to do your part, to make your influence felt, as the most important politician in the world?

The need is there; the choice is up to you.
MAKE THE DOORBELLS RING



To Start His Re-education



DISTRICT ATTORNEY REPORTS

Younger to Seek Change In Juvenile Court Law

By EVELLE J. YOUNGER
 District Attorney

We are going to seek changes in the law so a probation officer without legal training will not have to tangle with defense lawyers in Juvenile Court.

That is what happens now, and the public is the real loser. For a probation officer will have trouble getting all the pertinent facts before the judge.

We propose to ask the Legislature to write provisions that will make it possible for the District Attorney to be in court whenever a serious crime comes up.

The need should be fairly obvious. With youth occupying an increasing percentage of our population, more minors are charged with serious crimes. But Juvenile Court procedures have changed. It is common now for a young offender to have counsel. The minor has many of the same rights as an adult defendant, and when he asks for a lawyer, the court must provide one.

The lawyer then does the things he should do for a client, and the judge gets only part of the story. Anything that wouldn't serve as evidence in a criminal case can be blocked out. That's what the law says.

The juvenile matter, seen originally as a kind of guardianship case, is becoming more and more like any other adversary proceeding. But the probation officer, lacking legal training, is likely to resent being forced into the prosecutor's role.

The District Attorney should appear in Juvenile Court whenever he believes it is in the public interest. He knows about evidence and how to present it. He

knows what recommendations to make when it is found a juvenile has committed a crime.

Also, the District Attorney should speak for the people when a minor is the victim of a sex crime or has been brutally beaten or was otherwise mistreated. A typical example is the girl who has been molested by her stepfather. The mother could lose not only her mate but the money he earns, and so she often tries to persuade the child not to testify.

There should be legal provisions so the District Attorney can ask the court to take the girl out of that home. He should, in fact, be able to intervene in any case of child mistreatment in the beginning, before the child is released from Juvenile Hall.

It should be noted that things are better in Los Angeles County than in many other places. Sometimes the judge calls in the District Attorney. And the judges have been cooperative.

But it would be better if it were all spelled out in the law — and if the system were extended to cover the whole state.

The prospects have brightened perceptibly for innocent persons who, having been arrested, now find it hard to get employment because they "have records."

Two developments promise to make things easier soon:

1. The California Peace Officers Association and the State District Attorney's Association have set up a joint subcommittee to pre-

pare a measure for the 1967 legislative session.

2. This group met with representatives of the FBI and the military screening units to give their views on the problem.

Before the year ends we should have a bill that will protect those who have been wrongfully arrested and still permit those legitimately seeking arrest information to obtain it.

HERB CAEN SAYS:

He Had to Join Union To Paint Hotel Mural

I've always been a good union man, but sometimes: Dong Kingman, the noted Chinese water-colorist, is in town to confer with Bank of California officials about the huge three-walled mural of San Francisco he'll paint in their new hq.s. skyscraper on California St.—and this time he anticipates no labor problems. While he was up on a stepladder, painting a mural in New York's new Hilton Hotel, a union agent called up to him: "Hey, what're you think you're doing?" Dong: "Painting, obviously." Agent: "You a member of the Painters and Paperhangers Union?" Dong: "No... why?" "Because we have jurisdiction over the wall here, and if you don't join the union, fella, you're in big trouble."

Dong Kingman is now a dues-paying member of the Painters and Paperhangers Union.

Ted Erikman, who swam the English Channel last year and almost made it from the Farallon Islands to S.F. wears a beard, because "when you're in the water a long time, you grow a stubbles — and then, as you swing your head from side to side, you rub your shoulders raw." Little-Known Facts: Now, at the S.F. Children's Zoo, kids are allowed to feed the three Pribilof Island seals out of baby bottles — and the young'ns are warned not to sample the contents. The bottles contain whale

hell even if seals DO bark for it.

Flash, of sorts: Jack Shelley received a handsome gift from Sir Lionel Denny, the Lord Mayor of London when the latter arrived in San Francisco. It's a sterling silver, gold-plated copy of a handsome tankard designed by the goldsmith

San Francisco

to Charles II, whose name happened to be — ah — Shelley, Neat? When it arrived here, the tankard, valued at \$700, was picked up by Boyd Madison of Pacific Pathways, who was involved in the ceremony. When he unpacked it, he noticed a sizeable dent and took it to Shreve's to be repaired. Then a terrible thought struck him: suppose the dent was in the original tankard, and SHOULD be there? He cabled London. London replied: "No dent."

—and the tankard went on its way to Shreve's for denting.

To our recent significant notes that Chinese Checkers has become Far East Checkers, and that "Tower of Hanoi" (a puzzle) is now "Game of Mandalay," I can add the intelligence that Pillsbury's Kool-Aidish drink, "Chinese Cherry," has suddenly become "Cho-Cho Cherry." No matter how fine you chop it, oil blended with mackerel and water, which tastes like

it's still suey... Prof. Irwin Corey, the hungry headliner, has bought a Victorian house on Post St. nr. Lyon and will spend several months a year here, because "San Francisco, being the last outpost of sanity in this country, needs nuts like me."... A reader browsing the Bundage collection of Oriental art at the de Young Museum, overheard one matron telling another: "Well, it would be fun to have ONE as an accent piece, but who'd want a whole houseful?"

Kiddin' on the keys: Newsflash from Carleton College, Northfield, Minn.: "John Wedell, a physics major from San Francisco, has been spending the summer on campus, working on a biology research study entitled "Photomorphogenesis of Maidenhair Fern Spores" Hury, John. The world is waiting!

A Johnnybircher with a sense of humor phones to inquire: "How come you haven't mentioned that those diet drinks are part of The Plot, too. Absolutely. They lower our sugar content so that when the Invaders arrive, we'll be too weak to hit the beaches"... Who said it dept.: "We oppose any attempt at spreading Communism wherever it may take place. We shall champion freedom and peace against aggression." Hm? Nope. Eh? Wrong. It was Adolf Hitler on Feb. 29, 1938...

ROYCE BRIER

Specialists Still Search For Clue to Tower Shots

Molecular experts tell us there are about 12 billion cells in the human brain. If you read these specialists in the scientific journals, you will see, even if you don't fully understand them, that they know a great deal about cells in general. But there is massive and often painful evidence that they don't know how the brain cells function collectively.

They know the technology of the cell, how it receives and gives off electrical impulses. But how the cells act to impel their owner, particularly in his relations with other owners of 12 billion cells — that is a total mystery. Psychiatrists and psychol-

ogists presume to say why a human being acts as he does. But psychiatry is not an exact science. It can be applied with some degree of assurance to certain categories of people. But certain segments of people it cannot explain.

Among these unknowns are those outwardly normal persons who abruptly go berserk.

World Affairs

There is Charles Joseph Whitman who, after murdering his wife and mother, went to the Texas University tower, and with a deer rifle killed or wounded almost 50 persons, all strangers to him.

This case has psychiatrists and psychologists in a quandary, and Governor Connolly says he will convene some of them in an endeavor to learn what happened in Whitman's brain. From this assembly may issue a learned report, but it can tell you nothing new. This young man had a problem of the kind common in the tense civilized existence of our time, mostly relating to his family. But probably a majority of the families of the Western world have a problem as intense without culmination. Outwardly Whitman had been "normal" for years, doing the things normal people do, and doing them rather well.

Yet somewhere in the ferment of this problem, some of his 12 billion brain cells began to malfunction. This malfunction was apparently progressive, involving more and more cells as time went on.

Rather a-typically, he sensed the decline of his faculties, and last March voluntarily sought psychiatric help. He told the psychiatrist of a mounting hostility, and said he had thought of going to the tower and shooting people. But psychiatrists hear stories of this nature every day, and it is rare that anything comes of them.

Though his brain was already a jumble Sunday, July 31, his wife and a couple close to them had no inkling of it. They had a normal social evening, but sometime after 10 p.m. Whitman killed his wife and mother. In the morning he assembled his arsenal and went to the tower. There he killed or wounded several people, then locked himself on the observation platform and began shooting down into the quadrangles. "This continued for two hours, until a posse trapped and killed him.

Somebody, seeing his picture afterward, said, "Why, he looks like one of the astronauts!" But within the head that could give that impression were 12 billion cells in chaos and nobody knew it, not even he at that late moment. Nor will anybody discover why very soon.

WILLIAM HOGAN

Maugham Detested Early Book Now Being Reissued

Curiosity Piece: In 1898, at the age of 25, W. Somerset Maugham published his second novel, a long-forgotten, flowery romance of Medieval Italy titled "The Making of a Saint." Years later, in "The Summing Up," Maugham referred obliquely to this novel. He stated that it was founded on a story he had read in Machiavelli's "History of Florence." He chose the theme because, at the time, he believed the historical novel was one a young author might write with success, as one could not have sufficient experience of life to write of contemporary matters. Also, in "The Summing Up," he agreed that such a notion was of course absurd.

In any event, "Saint" was a big switch for the young writer who, two years previously, published "Liza of Lambeth," a realistic novel of the poor in London's slum district of Lambeth where he had studied medicine.

Later in his career, Maugham described "The Making of a Saint" as the "worst book" he ever

wrote. He made every effort to suppress it, resorting to legal means in England and pleas and threats to its American publisher, L. C. Page, who had bought it outright for 200 pounds sterling.

The appearance of "Saint" nearly 70 years after it was written, and many years out of print, amounts to a cus-

Books

iosity item, like a dusting off of Frances Hodgson Burnett's "A Lady of Quality," or "The Christian," by Hall Caine. Still, it is Maugham, and in an intriguing introduction the veteran publisher John Farrar (whose firm some years ago bought the old Page company and discovered the rights to Maugham's book quite by accident) tells the story behind this book.

Because Maugham was so distressed by his flowery novel of 1898, it was agreed with Doubleday & Co., long Maugham's publisher, that no effort to resurrect "Saint" would be made until after the old gentleman's death. Farrar finds it sur-

prising that Maugham was so bitter about the work. He notes Maugham produced it at an early age when florid prose was admired.

Originally, it received some respectable reviews. English and American editions of The Bookman noted that Maugham's gift "is a well-defined one," although "it must be admitted that in his earlier book ("Liza") Mr. Maugham had a more satisfactory field. Then he wrote of what he had seen; here only of what he had read and imagined..."

The dialogue is wonderfully 19th Century romantic as Maugham tells of a lady-killing soldier of fortune (the title is a jest) who becomes involved in a political conspiracy. It is charming, or hilarious, depending on one's point of view.

Admirers of Maugham might find "Saint" an interesting excursion into some literary "cloudland" that at the same time was definitely a stop in the young Maugham's development as a writer. And for confirmed romantics, it is a rare cameo from the Victorian literary period.

Morning Report:

I think you have to hand it to the Republican leaders in Congress for settling the Viet Nam war—at least for the upcoming Congressional elections.

The plan, like all great military operations, is simplicity itself. They want the Asian countries to hold a peace conference and America to step up the fighting. This is called, at the War College, a "double envelopment." In the Senate corridors, it's less elegantly termed, "the old squeeze play."

It can't lose for winning. It satisfies everybody who is registered to vote—both hawks and doves. Also proves that Johnson-style consensus is a very catchy disease.

Abe Mellinkoff